

The TRINITY TRIPOD

Bookstore Manager Is Gunned Down; Dies

by Guiseppe Pasquale
Religion and Philosophy Editor

Violence raged through Mather Campus Center last week when Mr. Ted Follettes, owner and manager of the Trinity College Bookstore, was shot down and fatally wounded outside of the new elevator. The unidentified gunman escaped out the back door onto Summit Street and has yet to be found.

Responsibility for the incident is being taken by the Bookstore Liberation Organization (B.L.O.) who, after wide dissatisfaction with the existing institution under Follettes has resorted to violence

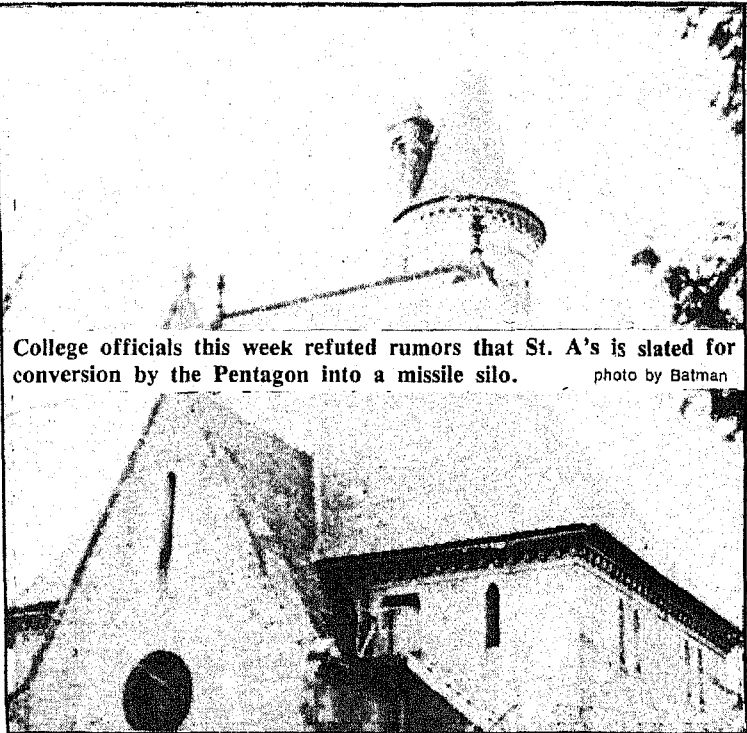
to achieve their aim -- a bookstore entirely in the hands of radical leftist left-handed students.

The leader of the B.L.O., who identifies himself only as "T.B.," said that unless these demands are met, students will see more violence at the bookstore. Saboteurs are already putting "used" stickers on new books and writing obscene messages in the blank greeting cards.

What are the demands? First and foremost, T.B. says a better selection of books -- "The books here are boring," he wrote in his demands on an orange "add/drop" card, "I'd like to see some real books here like *The Joy of*

Sex or How to Win Friends and Influence People. These books are useful, unlike Descartes' *Discourses* or Milton's *Paradise Lost*." T.B. is also advocating a full stocking of 1001 Uses for Roommates You Hate. "Utility is key. We at the B.L.O. insist that books have to be read for a purpose. Why read at all if it can't help you get what you want: satisfaction. That's what the B.L.O. stands for. Our bookstore must be free from those fascists who think that reading Plato will make you a better person. You don't get satisfaction out of that.

THE END



College officials this week refuted rumors that St. A's is slated for conversion by the Pentagon into a missile silo. photo by Batman



The bookstore manager was brutally gunned down this week. Two Tripod photographers caught the action in the above motor-drive sequence. The arrow in the second frame indicates the security guard who rushed on the scene and wrestled the gunman to the ground.

photos by Batman and Robin

Absurdism Happens To Be True

Editor's Note: Edward Albee is a 1950 non-graduate of Trinity. He was one of the first successful practioners of absurd drama in this country. His plays have been produced in America and Europe and have raised both controversy and acclaim. He has written at least thirteen plays and is currently at work on another, *Who's Afraid of Jennifer Wolfe?* Mr. Albee was almost awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1962 for *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and did win the Pulitzer Prize in 1966 for *A Delicate Balance*.

The following interview was held on November 5, 1983 at Mr. Albee's home in New York by Tripod writer and Edward Albee groupie Honey Barker.

BARKER: Do you have fond memories of Trinity or rather, was it a positive experience in your younger life?

ALBEE: At college you use fantasy as a substitute for real experience, and when you're older you use real experience as a substitute for the fantasy. Also, I moved a lot of boxes.

BARKER: One thing that is topical at Trinity is the role that fraternities play in our social lives. Do you have any opinions on this?

ALBEE: The drinking and the promiscuity, the obscenities and the profanities, are ways in which the characters are striking back at an existence of love denied and betrayed.



BARKER: What do you think of the Reagan administration?

ALBEE: He's presenting a theatre of pointless cruelty. He's abandoned standards not just of good taste but of intellectual and dramatic coherence. He's been very successful at the game Alienate the Audience.

BARKER: There's been a recent wave of absurdism on college campuses. Do you think it's a lasting phenomena or is it a passing trend?

ALBEE: You've missed the eight-thousand-dollar question. The hat

continued on page 3

It Wasn't AIDS, Thank God!

by Carol Helstosky
Senior News/Sports/Arts and Entertainment/Features Writer

Recently, there has been an outbreak of Venereal Disease on Campus.

As the letter students received from the Theater Department outlined, an outbreak of social Disease has been reported in the students who viewed performances of *Don Juan*. Sadly enough, Don Juan himself, as well as 35 other students who saw the play, has contracted V.D. in the course of the past few weeks.

In order to keep students informed, the Theater Department has distributed V.D. pamphlets

in campus mailboxes. The department is also sponsoring old Army training movies such as *Soldiers with Syphilis* and *V.D.; Your Real Enemy in 'Nam*.

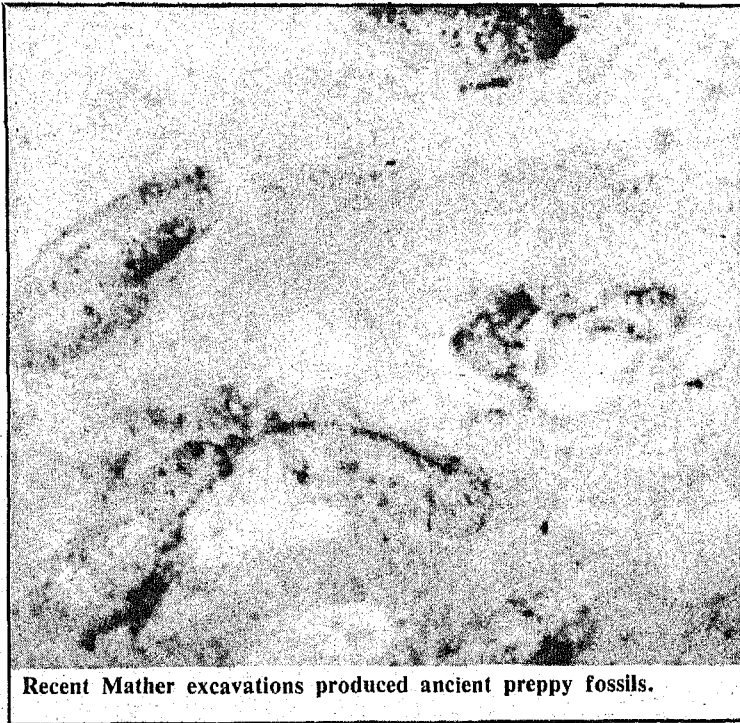
Cast and crew from *Don Juan* are feverishly at work, trying to determine the causes of the outbreak. Explanations have ranged from "dirty" theater seats to Kurt Kusiak's "mystical aura." The only comment available from Mr. Kusiak was, "Thank God it wasn't AIDS!" Whatever the cause of this epidemic may be, Students are advised to report to the infirmary for V.D. testing as soon as possible.

Many students have mixed reactions concerning the recent turn of events at Trinity. Students like

Skipper O'Malley ('85) blame the cast of *Don Juan*. "Yeah," says Skipper, "Well, the acting was so bad all along. It's just too bad it took something like V.D. to get them to improve." Others, like Aurelia Berkowskovitz ('87), came to the defense of the cast: "I think they did an excellent job! Instead, I think it was the choice of play that caused the V.D., you know, it was a bit racy."

Wqll yhZ dZmVjds dZ mZy? yhZ SwV qs holdqjw Vj Zm-ZrwZjcy mZZyqjw yhqS 8raqVv

In the meantime, members of the United Actor's Guild are stepping in for V.D.-stricken Theater majors until the epidemic has been cleared up.



Recent Mather excavations produced ancient preppy fossils.

photo by Aqua Man

Teen Idol Pawed!!!

by Krister Johnson
Brooke Shields Editor

Sources on the Princeton University campus this week reported the fatal mangling of actress Brooke Shields (1965-1983) by the Princeton mascot, Tony-the-Tiger.

Shields, who established herself in the acting world with such masterpieces as *The Blue Lagoon* and *Endless Love*, was attending a fraternity dance and happened upon a closed room which had "Caution, do not enter" emblazoned across the portal. Shields, not noted for her cognitive skills, entered the room and was clawed to death by the Tiger, who had been sleeping in the room.

Shields' mother, Teri, expressed concern over the state of fraternities on the Princeton cam-

pus and claimed that she would soon begin proceedings to have them abolished.

Shocked Trinity students gathered on the quad early Thursday morning to talk and share and cry together over the actress' untimely death. One male student, who declined to be named, stated emotionally, "Brooke, you should have come to Trinity. The worst thing that can happen to you here is that you could be pecked to death by the Trinity Bantam."

Jennifer Beals, Yale '86, refused to comment on the mangling, but is said to have become extremely wary of white bull dogs. Want to transfer, Jennifer?

The Shields family requests that flowers be omitted and contributions be sent to the William Morris Agency.

Denouncements

Career Counseling

Senior? Getting worried about post-grad. employment? You should be! But don't fret. This week representatives from McDonalds, Burger King, Wendy's and Taco Bell will campus conducting interviews. English, Philosophy and Music Majors preferred.

Mafia recruiters will be on campus to conduct interviews/interrogations. Dark suits and white ties recommended. No experience necessary but a background in cement pouring, bone breaking, or bad New York - Italian accents helpful.

Foreign Study

All your friends going away? Feeling sort of low that you didn't apply to London, Paris or Vienna? Well, your worries are over. The Foreign Study Office is offering a semester in Lebanon and El Salvador. Plenty of openings. International 'Relations Majors, this is a chance of a lifetime.

Financial Aid - Scholarships

The "They're All God To Me" Organization of America is sponsoring a Scholarship. Applicants must be 1/4 Jewish, 1/4 Catholic, 1/4 Buddhist, and 1/4 Hindu. Atheists need not apply.

Recycling at Trinity

Attention Students. The Tripod will accept all B or better papers for recycling. Send masterpieces to the Tripod. Remember, good grades make for a cleaner and a healthier environment - and a happier staff.

ATTENTION DAVID GURLIACCI

Ha, ha, made you look.

Off Campus Jobs

Valet Wanted: call Marty's Adult World.
Aetna: is offering jobs in wastepaper basket emptying, elevator attendants, and doorknob polishing. Aetna is an equal opportunity employer.

Essay Contest

How Offensive Can You Be? The Tripod is sponsoring an essay contest. Theme: How many social groups can you offend in 300 words or less? Staff of the Trident and the Observer need not submit.

Lecture

"Why Can't Turtles Get Off Their Backs?" The Pornographic legacy of the Tortoise.

Lecture

"Zen and the Art of Bladder Control," by I.P. Dailey. N.Y. Times says... "this lecture promises to be a real pisser!"

Non-Credit Seminar

The Morning After a Frat Party: How To Say Hi In The Saga Line.

Attention Students

The non credit seminar in Procrastination has been put off until after Thanksgiving break, maybe.

Bacchanalian Festival

A Bacchanalian ritual will be held on the Quad from midnight until dawn on Nov. 24. Too bad you'll all miss it. Maybe next year.



ACROSS

- 1. Domestic bears
- 4. Rambling polemics
- 8. Mr. Computer Head

DOWN

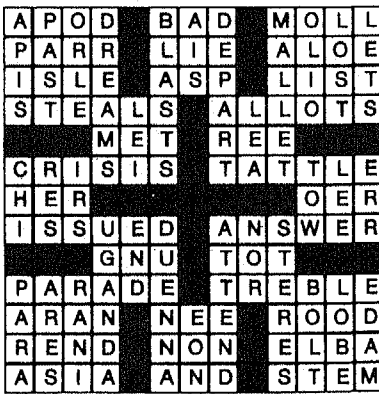
- 11. Pennyweight
- 12. Rennet
- 13. A liquid heterocyclic compound
- 14. Query

- 15. Mohammedan name
- 17. Jylland
- 19. The Big Bad Wolfe
- 21. Epizoon
- 23. Jack Lord's hairdresser
- 24. Synaloepha
- 26. Violin part
- 28. Anglo Saxon deity
- 31. Smegma
- 33. St. Ann
- 35. Bacchante
- 36. New Jersey
- 38. Methyl chloride
- 41. The meaning of life
- 42. Bocci
- 44. Administrative puppets
- 45. Bob the Vegetable
- 47. Jodhpur
- 49. Sullivan and Collins
- 51. Concubines
- 54. Bacteriolytic enzyme
- 56. Suzy Creamcheese
- 58. Tongue depressors
- 59. Shagreen
- 62. Selective borrowing
- 64. Rats of the Ivy League
- 65. Pedal digit
- 66. African river
- 68. Squash-in-residence
- 70. Pyrrhuloxia
- 71. Officious

DOWN

- 1. Organ concert
- 2. Barkham Junior College
- 3. Mezuzah
- 4. Photo wheel uses
- 5. Neanderthal man
- 6. Social alienation
- 7. Aalii
- 8. Sorrow
- 9. Piragua
- 10. Sheep farmer
- 11. Artificial language
- 16. Sophomoric
- 18. Suijuris
- 20. Conical screen
- 22. Trollp hunting
- 25. Khufu
- 27. Chinese mile
- 29. Schlagobers
- 30. The Brady Bunch
- 32. Mies
- 34. Cybele
- 36. Wild veal
- 37. Military brush
- 39. Genetic engineering
- 40. Sumerian sun god
- 43. Pasta face
- 46. Hootchy-kootchy

Puzzle Answer



- 48. Huwawa
- 50. Mental indiscretions
- 52. Walpurgisnacht
- 53. May I interject?
- 55. Czardas
- 57. Uncle Wayne says . . .
- 59. Vermicelli
- 60. Qaid
- 61. Michael Jackson's gender
- 63. Suitable for resale
- 67. Zoonosis
- 69. Spanish stew

CABARET

Friday, December 2
WASHINGTON ROOM

Hosted by: The Bronx Nightingale,



JONNY HOLTZMAN and his SWINGING SEXTET



Also Starring
Michael Bent - Illusionist
Mark Black - Comedian
Slap Happy - Comedian Mime & Juggling

DANCING TO JOHNNY HOLTZMAN AND HIS SWINGING SEXTET

Tickets including Dinner:

- Roast Sirloin of Beef au jus \$8.75
\$7.25 w/meal ticket
- Baked Filet of Sole Almondine \$8.25
\$6.75 w/meal ticket

Tickets w/o Dinner \$5.00 B.Y.O.B.

Reserve Seating Available

Dinner 7:30, Entertainment 9:00

Sponsored by Mather Campus Center
Faculty, Staff, and Administration Invited

Anyone interested in taking Polaroid shots at the Jonny Holtzman Cabaret, Please contact Robert Moran.

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- Granola, Familia
- Fresh squeezed orange juice.
- Fresh fruit with yogurt
- The papers — daily & Sunday, Htfd., Boston, New York

RESERVE YOUR SUNDAY NEW YORK TIMES WITH US!

We are located at: 211 Zion Street Htfd. just a two minute walk west from the Trinity Campus With a nice view overlooking the Park.

Tues.-Fri. 8:00-11:30 am
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Watch for opening of Arts & Leisure
Serving late night espresso, Haagen Dazs ice cream, homemade soups, desserts, etc.; Opening soon, same place, different time.

A Dumb Tripod Poll

- 1) Should Wayne Gorlick-Asmus have one of his names surgically removed?
- Yes 35%
No 40%
Not sure about the issue 25%
- 2) Should Cinestudio be made to iron the smiley-faces out of their curtains?
- Yes 25%
No 30%
Should be dry-cleaned 45%
- 3) Should Sinbad Seven be brought back to the Trinity College game room?
- Yes 2%
No 60%
Is that a new soft drink? 38%
- 4) Do you think SAGA is the answer to the energy crisis?
- Yes 25%
No 15%
Only on patty-melt nights 60%
- 5) Should High Rise be recognized by the Connecticut Historical Society as the oldest phallic symbol in Connecticut?
- Yes 40%
No 60%
- 6) Should Bishop Brownell be made to wash his fingers regularly?
- Yes 15%
No 20%
Only if he uses acetone 65%
- 7) With the advent of the Dating Game at Trinity, would you be

- in favor of Bowling for Dollars?
- Yes 20%
No 50%
Only if I get to host it 30%
- 8) Where should the new house for St. Elmo be located on the Trinity campus?
- The dishroom at SAGA 25%
The Washington Room 15%
North Campus Storage 10%
Friendly's 15%

- Fairfield County 35%
- 9) What do you think was the cause of salmonellosis at SAGA?
- Fraternities 10%
Pizzarino Sandwiches 5%
Brown Lettuce 5%
Green Steaks 5%
El Salvador 5%
New Jersey 15%
Engineering 115L 10%

Dumb Poll, Part II

by Ellen Garrity

The Tripod recently conducted a poll on nothing. The Tripod editorial board makes absolutely no claims as to the accuracy of this poll and they hope that at least one person on campus is offended by the printed results.

The Effeminacy of Knapsacks on Men

97.4326793% find knapsacks on men effeminate. Backpacks from L.L. Bean seem to be considered the most effeminate. 1.9312488% feel that knapsacks make men more macho. Black knapsacks are considered the most macho. 0.4775892% had no brain. 0.1584827% did not know what knapsacks look like.

On Men Wearing Pink Oxford

Cloth Shirts and Plum LaCoste Shirts

17.749965% are opposed to men wearing either pink or plum. 0.0067332% did not know what clothes were.

4.7755306% said they didn't care because when their clothes get dirty they just throw them out and buy new ones.

On Women Wearing Men's Underwear

17.334982% did not approve of women wearing men's underwear.

0.0073981% did not know that there is a difference between men's and women's underwear.

37.4655321% approved of women wearing men's underwear.

7.4437152% said they didn't wear underwear.

Cold Blood

continued from Pg. 1

It only puts you to sleep. 1001 Uses never puts me to sleep. I think the ideas for roommates are ingenious and I'd like to try a few."

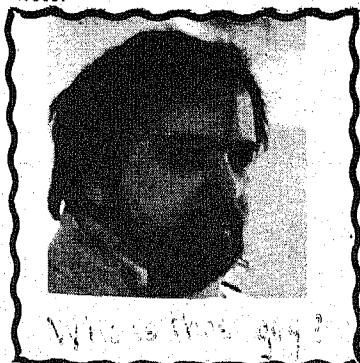
The B.L.O.'s other demands have not yet been made public yet but the college community is anxiously looking to the Registrar for the next suspicious "add/drop" card to be returned.

Will the demands be met? The SGA is holding an emergency meeting this Friday to decide whether it should support the radical B.L.O. or the Old Regime.

The faculty is urging conservative action. "T.B.'s violence has solved nothing," remarked one philosophy professor. "As a member of the intelligentsia he must realize that conflict lies not in class struggle but in the inevitability of the human will to detect discontent with the bourgeois status quo. While T.B. thinks he is acting as a Hegelian superman, he is actually fostering a stupidity of his own mind and in the most general terms is making an a-- of himself."

The temporary management of the bookstore refuses to give into T.B.'s demands. "We may have lost Follettes but I'm sure he would have wanted us to keep on fighting. We are still holding down the defensive lines and publishers are promising to send reinforcements."

So, the showdown is set. No one knows when or where the B.L.O. will strike again but Mather is on 24-hour watch. Anyone who can supply information on T.B. or the unidentified gunman is urged to report to the Registrar as soon as possible.



Gurliacci Weds J. Wolfe

Unbox me now, B.L.O.



who else but Brennan

David A. Gurliacci, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gurliacci of Darien, Connecticut, was married yesterday to Jennifer F. E. Wolfe, daughter of Ms. Wolfe of West Newton, Pennsylvania and Mr. Robert W. Wolfe, of various places. The ceremony was held in the Trinity College Women's Center and was officiated by a female justice.

The groom was tastefully clad in a white Dior gown and diamond stud earrings, while Ms. Wolfe wore a combat uniform and a crew cut. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the College Republican Club.

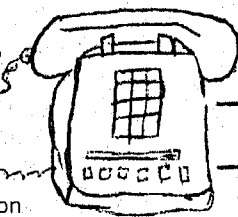
The groom, who will keep his name professionally, will graduate from Trinity College in December and hopes to open an ear piercing boutique. His father is president and founder of Morals, Rights, and Reason, Inc. His mother is a nice housewife who doesn't wear pants.

Ms. Wolfe, who will graduate from Trinity in May, is vice-president of the Hartford Chapter of the Militant Femi Bi Man-Haters Association of America. Her mother is a sheep farmer, her father a mercenary.

The couple will honeymoon at the home of the Reverend Jerry Falwell.

527-3151 ext. 392

- Is "road trip" one word or two?
- How many 'p's' in "Apollo?"
- How do I footnote the Bible?
- What is a person from Arkansas referred to as?
- Is "esoterically" a word, or what?
- How do you spell "arteriosclerosis?"
- Can you untangle this sentence for me?
- How do I begin an essay that says "Discuss?"
- I'm sorry, I meant to dial the medical office



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The Trinity College Writing Center
115 Vernon St.

Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-4 p.m.
Tues. & Thurs. 6 p.m.-8 p.m.



This is a pig: oink, oink, oink.

Mattel See 'n Say

Trin's Favorite Drop-Out

continued from Pg. 1

wasn't beige. I screamed as hard as I could; I took my hat off and threw it down on the counter, and, oh, I made a terrible scene. But the landlady is a fat, ugly, mean, stupid, unwashed, misanthropic, cheap, drunken bag of garbage. The parakeets are getting dinner ready. Yoou'drater sleep with me, wouldn't you, Daddy? People are interested in the absurd to be thought of as broad-minded, or to keep up with the intelligentsia.

BARKER: Can you tell me a little bit about your latest play,

Who's Afraid of Jennifer Wolfe?

ALBEE: Jennifer Wolfe, editor of a small New England college newspaper, calls an editorial meeting. She addresses her staff only by singing. The staff scream insults at each other, and write obscenities on the ceiling.

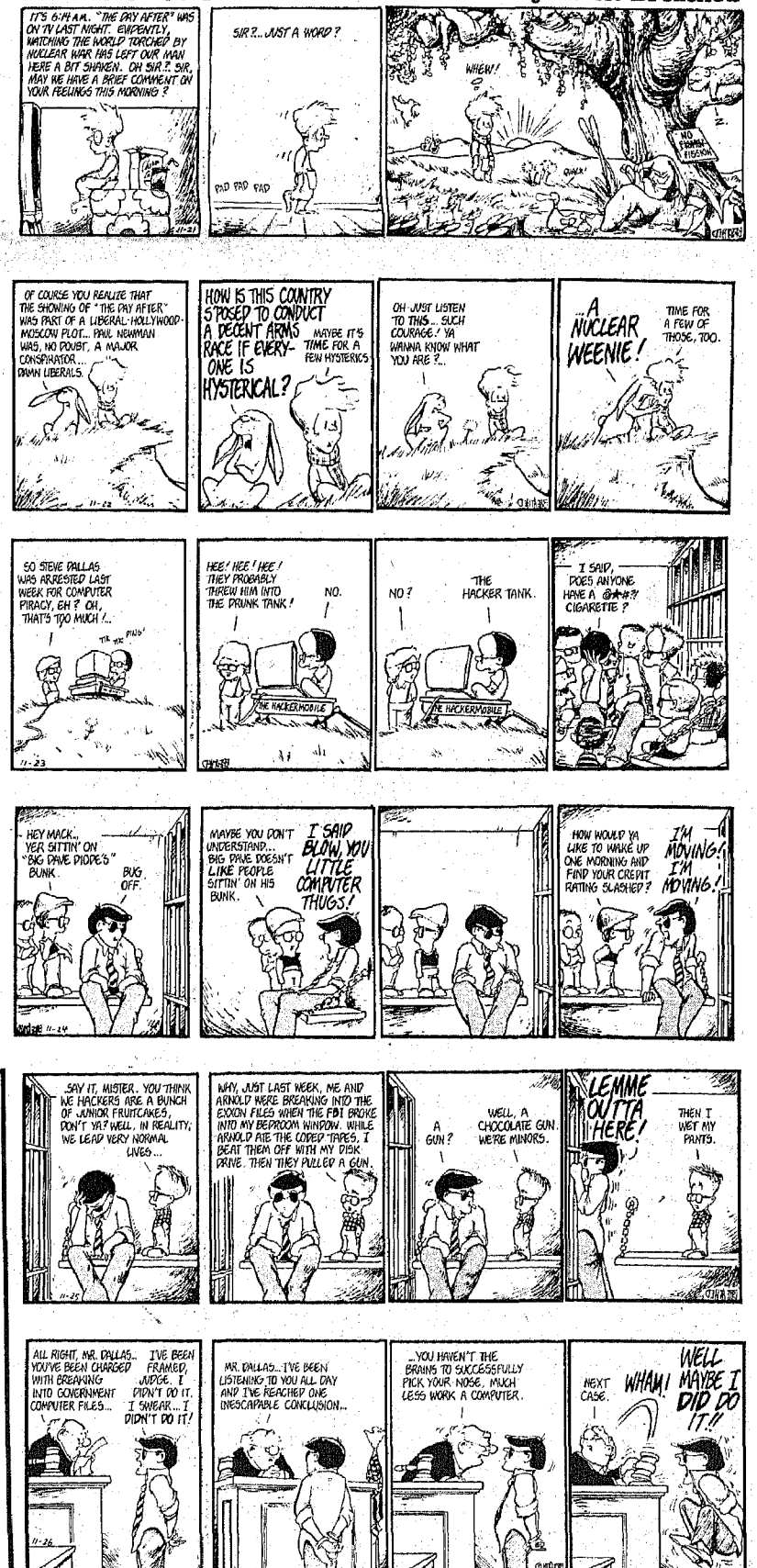
BARKER: This play, of course, reflects your experiences at Trinity.

ALBEE: I dispute the premise.

Note: The author credits Otto Reinert and Peter Arnott -- *Twenty-Three Plays, An Introductory Anthology*, and Edward Albee -- *Zoo Story*, and *The American Dream*.

BLOOM COUNTY

by Berke Breathed



The TRINITY TRIPOD

RAG COLUMN

Scoops, Goops, Gripes, and Kitchen Hints

LET'S talk about fraternities. (*see below)

Recently a high-ranking Trinity administrator called **The Tripod** office to warn the editor that the faculty had become aware that the real force behind **The Tripod** is **The Hartford Courant**. Holding the phone from my ear, I stifled a laugh. The **Courant**? Nah. The real truth is that **The Tripod** is working for **Ms. Magazine**. Yup. Why do you think that several weeks ago we put out the first "femi" issue? (See letter at right). And get worried, folks, 'cause we've got people in high places. Believe it or not, Vice President T.A. Smith has been our primary supporter. All his protests about making the Women's Center coordinator a full-time position have been mere pretenses. He had to protect himself because he's trying to maneuver President English out of office and form a part-time cooperative presidency to be shared by himself and the coordinator of the Women's Center. Look out, folks, us radical "femi's" are taking over.

About the bookstore manager -- his assassination, that is. And who can complain now that **The Tripod** doesn't respond to letters to the Editor? Took care of that one, didn't we?

The latest category in the N.Y. Times **Guide** to colleges is the level of salmonella incidents on campuses across country. This year, Trinity received a four rat rating. Here at the **Tripod** we think that President English should make another trip to the Times' offices to try and get our rating increased to five rats. After all, we're trying -- just last week we formed a Project Committee on it. Gotta keep up the the ol' image, you know.

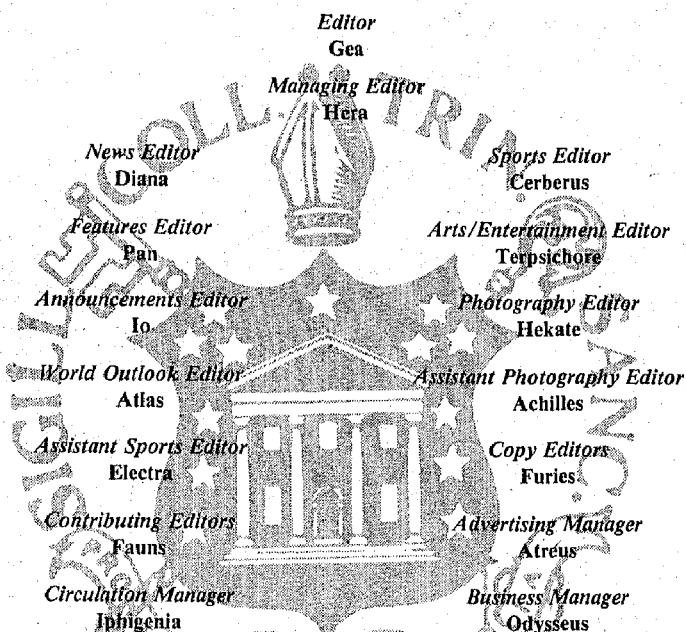
(*see above) Guess what, **The Tripod's** forming one. We've decided that the only way to get a real sense of community down here is to pass out pins, take our secrecy vows, form a standards committee, and revel in free association. And if you think we're letting in anybody we don't like, think again -- President English has granted us a special exemption. P.S., Party, Sunday night, 10:00. B.Y.O. Beer, Sexual Harrassment, Elitism, Beer Pong Balls, and Literary Evenings.

Broccoli-Cheese Casserole

Ingredients:

2 pkgs. chopped broccoli, drained	3 oz. cream cheese
2 tbs. butter	1 oz. crumbled blue cheese
2 tbs. flour	salt and pepper to taste
1 cup milk	3 tbs. bread crumbs
	1 tbs. butter

The TRINITY TRIPOD



The **TRINITY TRIPOD** is written, edited and published entirely by the students of Trinity College. All material is edited and printed at the indiscretion of the editorial board. The deadline for advertisements is Wednesday, 3:00 a.m. preceding Tuesday's **TRIPOD**; announcements and letters to the Editor must be submitted by Thursday, 6:00 a.m., and all other material must be in by Wednesday, 1:00 a.m.

The **TRIPOD** office is located on Olympus. Office hours are held on Sunday, 12:00-1:00 p.m. and on Tuesday, 7:00-7:05 p.m. Telephone: 800-543-0485; Ohio residents 800-582-0496.

Junk Mail

College Imposes Its Earpiercing Beliefs

To the Editor:

Far piercing is an issue most of us don't like to talk about. It is much easier to deal with a topic that does not involve such deeply rooted moral values. Whatever the case may be, any attitude towards ear piercing cannot be forced upon anyone.

Women Are Taking Over

To the Editor:

We'd like to make a "too personal" complaint about the recent editorial bias in **The Tripod**. Several issues back, you printed what we are like to call the "Femi Issue." We're referring of course to the issue which had one man-hater editorial and three women's libber articles on the front page -- one on the exemptions, another on the resigning of the Women's Center coordinator, and a third on Trinity's first coed. We think **The Tripod** is being run over by a bunch of man-hating, lesbo libbers, and we want you to know we're very upset.

Sincerely,
Three Real Men

Editor's Note: Listen, you M.C.P. slimes, if you think I'm worried, check out the editorial at left.

Trinity College decided to provide \$15 in the school insurance policy for any male at Trinity who decided to have an ear pierced. Students at Trinity pay for the school insurance policy with \$60.00 that comes out of the \$380.00 general fee. The money is then thrown into a "pool" that covers each and every student.

According to the records, of the sixteen men at Trinity who have had ears pierced during the past fourteen months, each one had the option of using the school's insurance plan. Each

student attending Trinity during this time was forced to contribute to any of the ear piercings that used the College's insurance.

I suggest that the Administration, Faculty, and students look over the issue and realize what has been done. Moral convictions are highly personal and cannot be forced upon anyone. Trinity's professed "liberal arts" education becomes worthless when intimate values are dictated by the College's policies.

Sincerely,
David G.

Hemorrhoiders, Get A Grip

To the Editor:

In response to last week's editorial on the fraternity situation, I think it's terrible that there are no exclusive fraternities for people with hemorrhoids. Hemorrhoids are a common suffering among nervous students and I think it's terrible that society ridicules this problem. An all-hemorrhoid fraternity would be a great advantage for people suffering from this disorder. Soft chairs could be provided as a basis for treatment and open conversation among fellow sufferers would be helpful. I know because I was once a closet hemorrhoid sufferer and, with proper coun-

seling, I was able to confront my problem and, with confidence, overcome my discomfort. Now, I can sit anywhere, even on a subway, and not feel inhibited.

I urge the S.G.A. to consider creating this new fraternity and allot the necessary funds. It's time that the hemorrhoidal sufferers at Trinity come to grips with their problem. It's no embarrassment anymore. Even the greatest people in the world had hemorrhoids -- Jimmy Carter, Napoleon Bonaparte. Why not consider yourself among the elite. Let your H's put you in a fraternity.

Sincerely Yours,
G. Britt, '85

Cemetary Spectacles

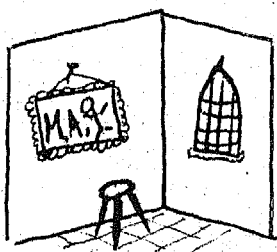
by Martin Bihl
Columnist

For those of you who don't already know, let me be the first to tell you. There are hordes of neuter, right-wing unicorns running around campus, screaming in the middle of the night. They

Ian and Phil Have A Problem:

writer's cramp.

Cubby's Corner:



Letters Policy

If I don't like it, I don't print it. If you don't like it, write your own damn newspaper.

kick people out of their rooms and they don't use their turn signals.

Yesterday morning I was sleeping soundly in my room (Tobasco Sauce 98 - Ortho Weed Killer 107) when the phone rang.

"Hello, is George there?" the caller queried.

"George who?" I asked. Although I live alone, my thoughts were far from collected (Indo-European languages 16 - Shoe-laces 12).

"George Orwell" the caller replied.

"George Orwell doesn't live here." I answered.

"Oh," the caller said, "where does he live?" In the background I could hear munching and neighing.

"George Orwell doesn't live anywhere, he's been dead since 1950. Who is this?" I asked.

The caller snorted and said, after a pause, "James Thurber."

"No it isn't," I said. "Thurber died in '61." It was at this moment that I looked outside my window. There, just under the windows of the **Tripod** office, was a unicorn and he was eating the roses. I ran out to my window. I ran out to my R.A.

"Hey! R.A.! There's a unicorn outside and he's eating the roses!"

"The unicorn" my R.A. said, "is a mythical beast."

So I ran outside and pulled up a lily and gave it to the unicorn. The unicorn said "Thank you, but I don't particularly like lilies. Have you anything in a nasturtium?"

I looked about and said "No, I'm sorry," and then went back

into my room to look up the word "nasturtium."

I never found it (Clamshell Alliance of North America 85 - Crunch berry beasts 12) but I picked up the phone and asked "What are your views on unicorns?"

The phone responded, "The unicorn is a mythical beast. Do you like George Will?"

"George Will," I said, "is a mythical beast."

"But he's not dead?" the caller asked.

"No."

There was a long pause, and then the caller asked "Do you have any nasturtiums?"

"No," I said, and I hung up the phone.

The next day I read in the paper (Hartford newspapers 78 - French existentialists with silly names 26) that the south end of Hartford had been over run by unicorns and that liberals everywhere were running for their lives. The paper went on to say that unicorns can be recognized by three distinguishing features and characteristics: the long golden horn in the center of the forehead, their failure to signal a turn in heavy traffic, and their infatuation with Augustus Burgwin, whose song, 'Neath the Elms, they are wont to sing at all hours of the night.

So, President Jim, I implore you to do something. Please forget about rats, right-wing newspapers, commencement speakers, furniture and school songs, and please, do something about these unicorns.

Please, before they eat all of our beautiful roses.

Kennedy Outlook

And Where Were You When It Happened?

by A. Royce Dalby

Have you heard? Today is the twentieth anniversary of the assassination of President Kennedy. November 22, 1963 is a day that will live in infamy forever. There is not one among us who does not know what he was doing at the time he heard the news that the President had been shot. A few people have agreed to share their memories with us and tell us about their experiences on that day.

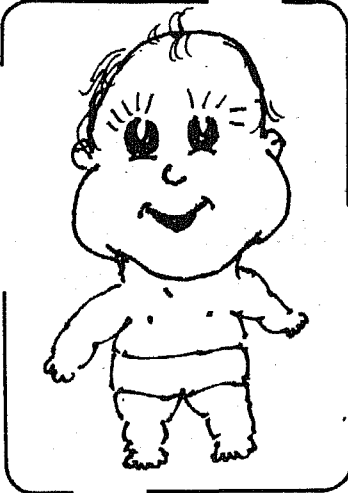
Miss Rionardi

I remember that day well, as I'm sure everyone does. Unlike most people, however, I think of it only with resentment and not with sadness.

Since February 22 I had been growing bigger and bigger. It was a very productive time, and one that I remember fondly as a relaxing period with no responsibilities other than my own personal growth. November 22 was to be my big day, you know, my grand entrance. I fixed myself up, making sure that I looked presentable (I wouldn't want to shock the new parents of course), and left the place neat just in case someone would be using the room after me. I don't mean to get off the subject, but I hope the thermostat has been fixed since I left. I could never get the darn thing lower than 98 degrees.

Anyways, I was all set, and got started on my way. I stuck my head out and took a breath of fresh air, then plopped right down onto the ground. I knew something was up immediately when I landed on a carpeted floor. In training school they had warned us about the cold metal table that we usually land upon, and I had determined then to brace myself for the shock and not to cry like all the others had. Well, I looked up from down on

the floor and realized that no one had noticed me. They were all watching television! I said, as loudly as I could, "Hey, Mom, Dad! I'm home! What do you think? Do I look good?" My voice was kind of funny and the words didn't come out quite the way I had planned, but the effort was all that mattered. Still, no



one payed me any attention and I was beginning to get rather angry. This President was stealing my show. I crawled over to Uncle Sigmund and pulled on his pant leg, but all I got out of that was a kick across the floor. By now I really was crying. I just couldn't help it; I was a nobody. All these people cared more about a President whom they had never met than about me, the new kid on the block.

I was determined to show them! If they weren't going to notice me, then I was leaving. It took a lot of effort, but I screwed up all my concentration and climbed right back into the room that I had left, never to come out again. I would probably still be there today, except for the fact that a couple of days later Mom decided to have liver for dinner. If you think it tastes bad when you get to chew and swallow, imagine what it's like intravenously!

Mr. O'Malley

It was a very embarrassing afternoon for me. I had always loved President Kennedy and greatly respected the man. Needless to say the assassination affected me immensely, or, more accurately, it had an immense effect upon me.

My wife and I had been married the day previously and had waited until that afternoon, when we could be alone, to consummate the marriage. My performance was very poor to say the least, and the entire thing greatly perturbed my wife. It took me weeks to convince her that I was not a homosexual!

Mr. Knowell

What a day! What a day! I was still in Mother's womb, but that did not keep me from pondering over the horrific occurrences around me. Even then I was greatly interested in world events and their causal outcomes. In order to follow every moment of the agonizing episode, I was communicating my anxieties to Mother that my education would be severely retarded were I not permitted to participate in the feelings of loss and outrage that were being experienced by a large part of the world's population.

She was well aware of the genius mentality that had been spawned within her loins and was quick to satisfy my intellectual urges. Mother plugged a set of headphones into the hifi, lied on her back on the floor and placed the headphones on her abdomen. I heard it all, and when I escaped the confines of the womb a few months later I was already prepared for the atrocities of the world and the tragedies of its people.



Mr. Turner

I immigrated to this country from the United Kingdom in early 1963. I was determined to become an American in every aspect, although my accent has never quite disappeared. I began dressing preppy, eating with the fork in my right hand and putting ice in my scotch. My whole lifestyle was altered.

Very soon, however, I realized that there was a physical difference between myself and most other American males. I noticed it quite by accident in a public bathroom one day, and I became

terribly concerned over the issue. At first I assumed that there were many Jewish men in this country, but when my new girlfriend looked at me and asked, "What's that?", I knew I was in trouble. It was time for a circumcision.

By chance my circumcision was scheduled for November 22, and I was in a hospital bed recovering when I saw the news on television. You could say that both Kennedy and I suffered traumatic losses on that day. Now I am a complete American. I even go to baseball games and sing "God Bless the President."

RATS OF THE Dry League
BY RANDY 11/10/83

WHAT'S THIS COLLEGE COMING TO?
HUH...

ALL YOU CARE ABOUT IS IMMEDIATE SELF-GRATIFICATION - STUFFING YOUR FACE!
YUP.

I MEAN, AREN'T YOU CONCERNED ABOUT THE PRESSING ISSUES WE FACE?
...NOPE

IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEBODY DID SOMETHING ABOUT THE PROBLEMS ON THIS CAMPUS...
I HAVE TO THROW UP...

CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP!
CHOMP! SLURP!

POISON

ABL PIZZA

Phone 247-0234

FAIRFIELD COUNTY

by Barke Breathy

WHO'S KNOCKIN' ON MY FRONT DOOR AT 2:00 IN THE @#%?! AFTERNOON?!

RRFF!!
WOOF!
YIP! YIP!
GAGGRR!
RFF!
RFF!

STUPID WHIPPETS! WHY CAN'T I HAVE REAL PREPPY DOGS?! I TRY TO CONDUCT IMPORTANT COLLEGE BUSINESS AND THEY ALWAYS INTERRUPT ME...

RRFF!!
GRR!
WOOF GRR!

YAAAA!

PHOOOSH!

THAT OUGHTA SHUT 'EM UP.

CUSH...
CUSH...
WHIMPER...

Phone 547-0263

TRINITY PACKAGE STORE
CHOICE WINES & LIQUORS
10% Discount on Case Purchases
219 New Britain Ave., Hartford, Conn.
(corner Henry St. next the the Tap Cafe)

Flotsam / Jetsam



Amateur A's Assault Austin

by Steven Brenman
and Anne Carol Winters
A Joke In Itself

In an unimaginative plan this week several students took control of the Austin Arts Center. Although they have not claimed to be any recognized political group they do refer to themselves as the "Amateur A's (artists?)." After expelling the faculty and nonsympathetic students from the building they presented AAC director, John Woolley, with a list of demands.

First on the tally was the demand that the name of the center be changed to the "Ausome Arts Center." Mark Bishop, acting as mediator for the A's and AAC, commented "This really is a great place and they think the name should reflect that." Woolley, without contest, agreed to this plan.

The students felt that this was a ploy on his part to bring them out of the building before their other, more serious, demands were met. Several of the students expressed the wish to remain in Ausome as long as possible. There is some feeling that several of the radicals were participants in WRTC-FM's recent marathon and, after spending many hours begging, prefer the comforts of Ausome to the poorly ventilated and shabby accommodations in the basement of Cook. "Look, we can stay here a long time; there are a lot of comfortable chairs to sleep in, two showers, and the pizza places deliver - I feel like Pacino in **Dog Day Afternoon**." Woolley admitted he had hoped the students would give up after their first demand was met.

"But I can wait as long as they can," he added.

Further demands included the removal of all the doors in the Arts Center, a wish that Woolley termed "simply not feasible." Although he admitted that 18 doors does not an open access area make, "still certain boundaries must be maintained." He did agree to take off the alarms and allow the doors to be used for entering and exiting.

Next the A's requested more humane living conditions for the moose which is currently housed in the scene shop. "I agree," said technical director Brian Rieger, "that moose isn't very comfortable back here. He needs to gambol about to be healthy." Woolley suggested sodding the Widener Gallery and letting the moose live there. At the time of publication the students had not answered this offer.

Unknown to the students a plan to remove them from the facility was in the works. With the aid of the College SWAT team, professors Roger Shoemaker of the theatre/dance department and Gerry Moshell from the music department attempted a daring maneuver. The pair scaled the seventy-foot stage house, cut a hole in the roof and repelled down onto the stage. They were greeted there by several of the rebels who convinced them to join the cause.

At this point President English was called in to appeal directly to the A's. As he promised them a cocktail party at The White House, complete with its subtle lighting and artistic decor, the A's agreed to concede the rest of their demands in exchange for techomatic immunity.

Country Matters Don't Matter

by Michele D. Sensale
Staff Writer

The bawdy sexual humor of Elizabethan drama. The subtle raunchiness of Shakespeare. Such would have been the content of "Country Matters: Sexual Seductions of Shakespeare." Those dedicated followers of the arts at Trinity will recall the cancellation of the performance reported in the Tripod last week.

Nevertheless, a true critic would not let such a minor detail stand in the way of a good review. Too bad we don't know any true critics. But in the spirit of good journalism, let's give the performance a go anyway.

Selected Seductions was not performed at Austin Arts last week. Originally, the cast consisted of Michael Learned (of Waltons fame) and Roscoe Lee Browne (whose face escapes me at the moment). The two most coincidentally fell ill and were forced to cancel their performances. Probable cause of illness: Bad Mayonnaise. Learned and Browne apparently shared a Waldorf salad during an informal script reading at a cafe on the West Coast. California sun and salad dressing do not mix! The sponsors of "Seductions," Cameo Entertainments, Inc., in-

tent in their endeavor to preserve the arts at Trinity, was generous enough to replace their million-dollar cast with two other celebs of equal stature: Lee Meriwether and Roy Dotrice.



Sam Waterson who was never scheduled to appear at AAC.

For the benefit of those who missed the first part of this article, I repeat: Selected Seductions of Shakespeare will not be performed here at Trinity. There have been sightings of Lee Meriwether on the campus, particularly on Vernon Street and in the game room. One startled freshman reported having seen Ms. Meriwether playing pool last Friday night in the game room. He told a Trinity reporter: "There was this woman down there racking up the pool balls. And I wouldn't have thought anything of it except she had this tiara on her head. At first I thought it was a joke, or maybe a fetish, but then I remembered that this was supposed to be the night of Shakespearean Seductions. So I put two and two together and realized who this chick was: Lee Meriwether. I didn't get her autograph, though, because she looked pretty busy." Poor Ms. Meriwether, rumor has it that she just hasn't been the same since they fired Bert Parks from the Miss America Pageant. So maybe syuwqdqyy o8 hqs owj mqjd Vjd

that's her excuse -- emotional scarring.

In any case Ms. Meriwether, Roy Dotrice, and the rest of the cast did not perform last week. (Rumors of Meriwether sightings are still at this point hearsay. Unless someone takes a really good picture of her and sends it for scientific analysis, we cannot document it and log it as an actual former Miss America sighting.) There will not be now or ever performed on this campus by these show-biz masters a Shakespeare seduction. No Julius Caesar, no Romeo and Juliet, no All's Well That Ends Well, no Merchant of Venice, no Measure for Measure, no Taming of the Shrew, no Hamlet. Need I go on? Well, O.K. No Much Ado About Nothing, no King Richard the III, no Henry IV, no As You Like It, and finally, no Othello. Needless to say there will be no encore. All of this has led me to one conclusion: Show-biz is a cutthroat business and, although we will never have evidence of it, Shakespeare was one sexual kind of guy.



Festa Doesn't Delight Anymore

Minneapolis, MN -- University of Minnesota punkers got an unexpected rude jolt one recent Saturday evening when campus officials ordered them to stop slam dancing during a punk rock concert.

Back in June, University officials placed a ban on the new dance fad -- where partners literally slam, push, and tackle one another on the dance floor -- following several injuries at a campus concert by the Dead Kennedys.

"The Dead Kennedys' concert really made us aware that the phenomenon of slam dancing had hit campus," recalls Student Activities Coordinator Carl Nelson.

"The band members started diving off the stage into the au-

dience, and people just started pushing and slamming into one another."

Twenty-three students were injured at the event, two of them with broken bones.

"(After that) I notified all campus concert people that if there was any activity involving slam dancing, they'd have to meet with me and explain how they would insure the health and welfare of the students," Nelson says.

"Otherwise," he adds, "slam dancing is simply not acceptable on campus and if it occurs at any concerts the management will terminate the event."

Nelson's slam dancing ban was put to its first test at an October 8th concert featuring a local punk

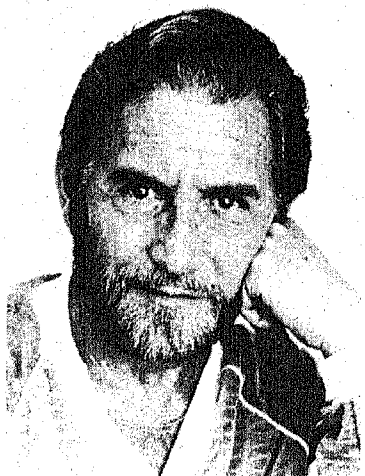
band called The Replacements.

Although the band met with Nelson in advance and agreed to control any violent behavior in the crowd, campus officials temporarily had to break up the concert.

"At the event people started diving off the stage and there was some fairly aggressive slam dancing going on," Nelson reports.

"The sponsor notified the band and members of the audience that the event would be stopped unless the rowdy behavior was controlled.

After a few initial boos and hisses, though, the crowd melted down and there were only a couple of isolated incidents which we simply tolerated," he says.



Roy Dotrice who didn't appear last week at AAC.

Announcements

Buildings & Grounds

The Buildings and Grounds Dept. needs two students to pack and remove books from six offices before remodeling them, and then, return and unpack the books after the offices are completed. This will probably take two days for each move. Please contact Mr. Wathne at ext. 277 between 7:30 to 3:30.

Mather Campus Center

Mather wishes to hire 4 maitre d's Dec. 2 from 6-9:30 pm. See Wayne Gorlick-Asmus for details.

Mather is interested in the loan of a poleroid camera on Dec. 2. See W. Gorlick-Asmus.

Trinity College Poetry Center

Rennie McQuillen, who teaches poetry and Creative Writing at Miss Porter's School, will conduct a poetry workshop and give a poetry reading on Wed. Nov., 30 at 3 & 4 pm. respectively in the Alumni Lounge. Students wishing to participate in the workshop should submit poems to either Hugh Ogden or Millie Silvestri in the English House by Wed., Nov., 23. The Workshop and reading are open to the public and free of charge.

On-Campus Jobs

The Medical Office is still looking for receptionists to answer the phone, manage student traffic, handle routine inquiries during busy hours. Must be able to handle confidential matters with discretion and tact. Any hours between 10 am and 2 pm. See Financial Aid for a referral.

Buildings and Grounds is looking for a Data Collector, to help gather utility and energy use data on campus. Engineering students preferred. 10-15 hrs. per week, \$3.50/hr. See Financial Aid for a referral.

The Post Office still needs clerks to work MWF mornings. Must be work study eligible. Please see Earnie LaRose at the Post Office.

Central Services needs general helpers, Mon.-Fri., any hours. Contact Marion Baldesweiler in Central Services or at ext.232.

Development Office

Is looking for a student with some typing ability to begin work as soon as possible in Dec. through the end of semester break. Student will help transfer giving records to file cards. Please contact Francine Breton at ext. 531 for an interview.

Medical Office

The Medical Office is offering a Rubella immunization clinic in the Alumni Lounge on Nov. 30 from 10 to 2.

Lecture

On Dec. 1, 1983, The Departments of English and Religion will sponsor a lecture by Professor Frank Kermode, a leading scholar of English Literature, and an expert on the relationship between the Bible and Literature. His lecture, "Fixing the Canon," will be given at 8 pm in the Boyer Aud. in LSC. All are cordially invited to attend.

The Barbieri Center/Rome Campus

During the fall term '84 the Campus in Rome is planning to offer three economics courses in addition to its regular curriculum. The economics courses include: Eco. 101 - Basic Economic Principles; Eco. 207 - Alternative Economic Systems; and Eco. 331. This seminar course will consist of an inquiry into the economic development of Italy, France, Yugoslavia and Hungary. Prof. Battis will be the instructor. Any interested students should contact Prof. Battis at ext.376.

Residential Services

December 1 is the deadline for renewing Fall Term Residential Contracts and for withdrawing from Spring Term Contracts without certain penalties. Contact Residential services as soon as possible if you need to renew or withdraw from your contract.

'Volunteers Needed For Mock Trial

U Conn's School of Law needs volunteers for the following mock trials: Mock Criminal Trial: Nov. 29, 3-11pm; Dec. 1, 3-11pm. Mock Civil Trial: Nov. 30, 3-11pm; Dec. 2, 3-11pm. Interested persons should contact Allison Dillon-Kimmerle in Career Counseling for more details.

Disclaimer

The editorial board of **The Tripod** hereby states that the right-side up material in this issue does not in any way represent the opinion of the board. This is a spoof issue, folks.

Tripod Elections

Tripod elections for next semester's editorial board were held this Sunday. The new staff will begin with the December 13 issue.

Editor: Elaine Stampul
Managing Editor: Steven Brenman
News Editor: Kathryn Gallant
Assistant News Editor: Carol Helstosky
Sports Editor: Stephen K. Gellman
Arts/Entertainment Editor: Anne Carol Winters
Photography Editors: Christine Lofgren, Penny Perkins
Features Editor: Gregory O. Davis
Contributing Editors: Martin Bihl, Cynthia L. Bryant, A. Jane Dorfman, David Sagers, Elizabeth Sobkov
Copy Editors: Richard Freytag, Ellen Garrity, Lisa Van Riper
World Outlook Editor: Royce A. Dalby
Advertising Manager: Stephen Klots

Financial Aid

Reminder: Applications are now available in the Financial Aid Office for students who need to apply for aid for second semester. Students currently receiving aid and who do not require an adjustment in their awards, need not apply. Deadline Dec. 9.

Letters

Title IX & Abortion

To the Editor:

In regard to his concern about Trinity's student medical insurance policy which provides coverage for abortion, we would like to refer Mr. Faltinsky to Section 106.40(4) of the Title IX regulations published in 1980 by the Federal government: "A recipient shall treat pregnancy, childbirth, false pregnancy, termination of pregnancy and recovery therefrom in the same manner and under the same policies as any other temporary disability with respect to any medical or hospital benefit, service, plan or policy which such recipient administers, operates, offers or participates in with respect to students admitted to the recipient's educational program or activity."

In this citation, "recipient" refers to educational institutions which receive financial assistance (such as grants to build facilities, implement programs, or assist students) from the Federal government, of which Trinity is one. The College's decision in 1982 to include coverage for abortions in the student insurance policy was a fulfillment of its legal obligations to provide medical insurance for its students (and employees) which does not discriminate on the basis of sex.

If Mr. Faltinsky finds his freedom of choice severely limited at Trinity, unfortunately he may find life even more frustrating when he graduates from the world of student fees to that of the tax

payer, where his hard-earned tax dollars will go to other activities which he may feel are morally objectionable, such as Medicaid-funded abortions and nuclear bombs.

Katherine Mills
Financial Aid

Diane Zannoni
Economics

Kathleen Frederick
Public Relations

New Course Evaluations

To the Student Body:

In the past, course evaluations have been done by each department as well as by many individual professors, but not by the students on a consistent basis. This year, however, the SGA is doing something about that (yes, all you non-believers, the SGA does do productive things). A book will be printed, giving student opinion on each class given in a certain semester. This book will then be available prior to the next pre-registration for that semester (i.e. the book of this semester's courses will be available in April for fall term pre-registration). We believe that these books will be very beneficial in aiding a student in choosing his or her classes.

The procedure will be as follows: the Wednesday following Thanksgiving, you will receive five evaluation slips in your mailbox. You are requested to fill

out one slip for each course you are currently taking, return the slips to the envelope, and deposit them in the box outside the post office within the following two weeks -- a ten-minute process.

Only with the help of the ENTIRE student body will this idea of a course evaluations book work (Seniors, you too! Although it will not affect you in the long run, we really need your opinions). A little time spent now will show up in much greater terms later when you wish to know whether or not a course is recommended -- from a student point of view.

Thank you,
Sue Morrison
Co-chairperson,
Course Evaluations Committee

Garbage Letter Dead Wrong

To the Editor:

I suggest that Peter Limnios pick up a copy of Gerald Gunderson's *A New Economic History of America* and study it before he writes another ill-informed letter like last week's "War, Garbology, and SAGA." Mr. Limnios' letter is an unusually clear example of rhetoric not grounded in reason. Every point made in his letter is wrong, but I will take issue with only one of them here.

Mr. Limnios states that "This whole country uses/wastes an alarmingly disproportionate amount of world resources." I assume he is referring to the fact that with only six percent of the

world's population, we consume about 40 percent of its natural resources. Mr. Limnios thinks this is unfair; that we are plundering other nations to feed our consumer culture and thus reducing their welfare in the process. First, most of the resources we use originate within our own borders. We do not take them from other countries. Second, we consume more resources per capita because our superior technology allows us to use our physical stock to a greater advantage than most countries. So we see that Mr. Limnios is dead wrong, that we are not hurting other nations in this way. To the contrary, they will benefit should we choose to export our technology to their underdeveloped economies.

Sincerely,
John P. Arbolino

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November 22, 1983

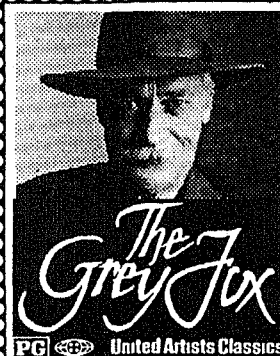
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THE CITY

THE KIND OF
MASTERPIECE
THEY DON'T
MAKE ANYMORE
Rex Reed, NEW YORK POST

JAMES STEWART
GRACE KELLY

IN ALFRED
HITCHCOCK'S
REAR WINDOW



"A MIRACLE OF LOVING..."
—L.A. Times



Lonely Hearts

REP at the CITY

Wednesday - Tuesday, Nov. 16 - 22
Marcel Carné's
CHILDREN OF PARADISE

Wednesday - Saturday, Nov. 23 - 26

Mr. Hulot's
HOLIDAY and
Program subject to change

CINEMA CITY HTFD
BRAINARD RD & I-91 NR VALLE'S
RECLINER CHAIRS 549-0030

BARGAIN MATS. SAT. SUN.
ADULTS \$2.50 (til 5 P.M.)

Snorts

Luck Takes Steve On A Wierd Vacation

"Do you want to take a vacation?" inquired a voice over my shoulder.

Do I want to take a vacation? Do I want to do without finals and term papers, rain and cold, stupid social situations and this \$%&!&%! library? Of course I want a vacation!

I turned in my third floor library seat to confront the torturer of my conscience. The voice, however, came from the one person (and I use that word loosely) who could actually deliver on his invitation-- Luck. My friend, the semi-diety, stood grinning before me. He was dressed in flip flops, bright red OPs and a blue and white Hawaiian shirt. The outfit was topped by a Detroit Tigers baseball cap.

"You look totally ridiculous," I whispered to Luck. A petite, blond (what else) freshman at the next desk tried to see who I was talking to. Considering that all she could see was a shelf of books on existentialism, her "This guy is crazy" look was understandable.

"I'm Magnum, you idiot," answered Luck and he kicked me hard enough in the shin to force an "ouch" from my mouth. The blonde started eying her bookbag and checking for an escape route.

Holding back a stream of expletives that, no doubt, would have forced the freshman to jump from the third story balcony, I pushed my notebook into my bookbag and started towards the stairs. Luck followed a few steps behind, knocking books off the shelves and flicking the light switches on and off. By the time we reached the first floor, I was into a quick jog, hoping to avoid embarrassment at the least and arrest at the most.

Luck, of course, would not let me off the hook that easily. As I bolted by the circulation desk and on to freedom, the alarm went off. I didn't need to turn to know what had happened, but when I did there stood Luck, running a copy of Gulliver's Travels back and

forth through the magnetic detector. The bell rang, stopped and rang with each pass of Swift's classic. When Luck was sure that everyone in the library was focused on yours truly, he stopped. The inspection by the flustered librarian yielded nothing.

Now the natural reaction would have been to verbally attack Luck but I knew from experience that the episode in the library was the price I had to pay for the vacation. Luck seemed a little disappointed at my "Where are we going?"

"Dallas!" Luck knew how to get my goat. I was constantly yapping at him for all the fortune he bestowed on the Cowboys. He denied any part of it but, let's face it, sometimes we all think Luck lives with Tom Landry. "Just kidding," Luck continued, "we're going to Grenada--"

And we were there, just like "I Dream of Jeannie". It was warm but I wasn't sure whether I'd rather be back in the library. I mean, Grenada?

Once over the surprise, I took a look around. It was mid afternoon and Luck's Magnum outfit was a lot more practical all of a sudden, especially compared to my cords and flannel shirt. Where we stood, however, was almost universal. In front of my feet ran a faded white line-- a third base line. Before I could even begin to contemplate why I was in Grenada watching baseball, a player rounded third and barreled towards me. I dove out of the way. There was no reaction to the near collision from either player (who was out) or his third base coach. Obviously, I had Luck's invisibility for the moment.

I knelt with Luck and watched the next batter swing with such smoothness that one immediately knew that at 14 or 15 this child was a real player. In the field his talent was no less apparent. The one grounder hit to him was routine, but the effortlessness of his clean pick-up and throw were astounding.

"He's good," I whispered to Luck, not yet accustom to invisibility of body and voice.

"Yes, I know," agreed Luck. "He's being discovered today." Luck nodded towards the backstop where a lone American soldier stood. "After he leaves Grenada, he'll report the kid to a bird-dog he knows. The kid will go to the U.S. and make a mint."

"Wow" I was as always impressed with the fortunes that Luck could bestow. "So you had the Ranger here by luck to see the kid play."

"I had the guy on the island," Luck retorted.

"Oh, I get it, you had the guy included in the invasion force so he could discover the kid," I was sure I'd figured it out.

"Nope."

I hadn't and I was getting alarmed. "You didn't create the invasion just to get this kid discovered, did you?"

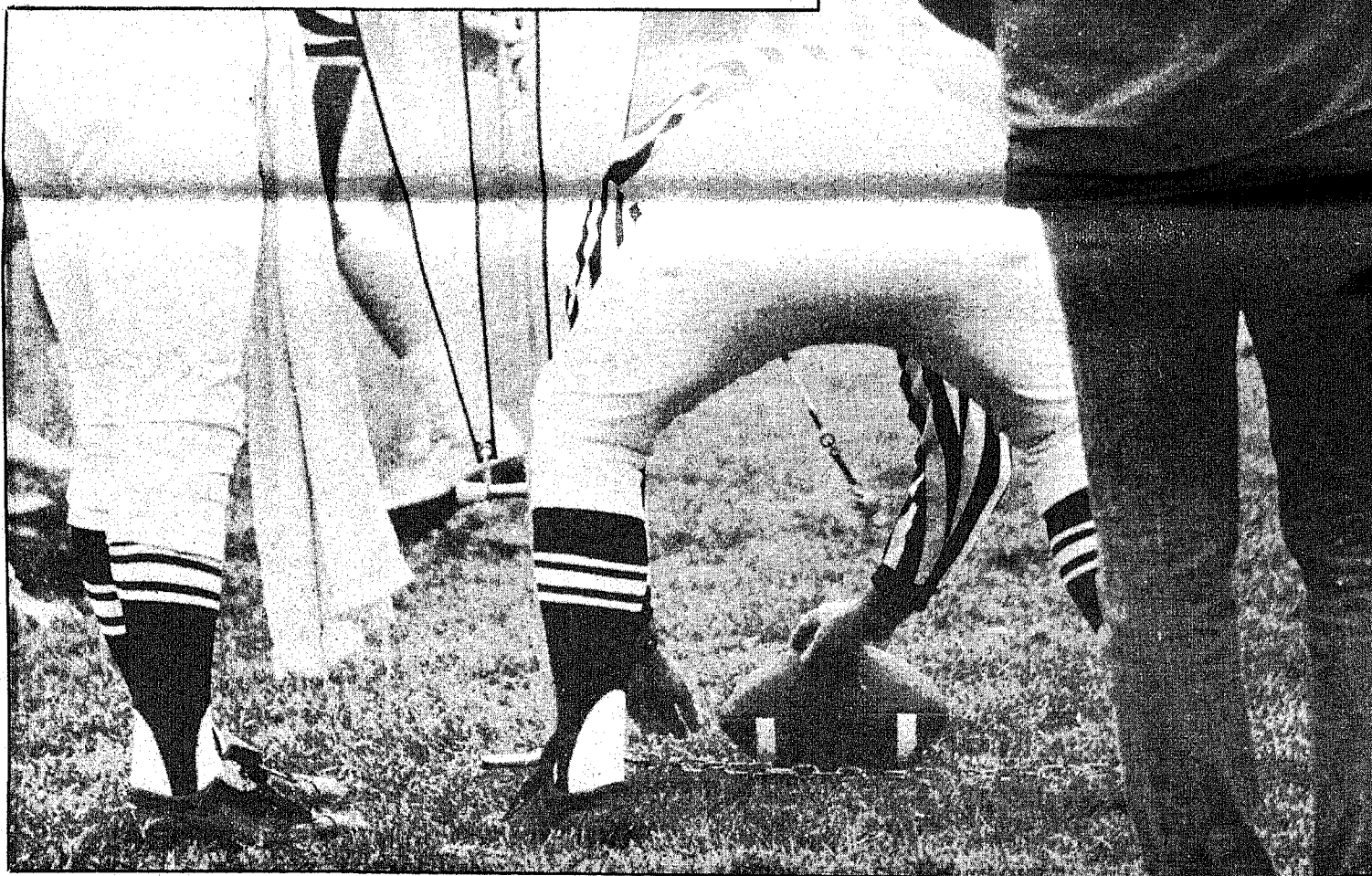
Luck nodded his head and shrugged. The sun sat on the left field fence and a breeze hinted that it might get cooler but not any time soon.

"I never said that I was fair," Luck blurted out. "You see something, a kid with talent, and try to interfere. You put the idea in Reagan's head and he invades. The kid's going to be a star. The money will help his famil...." Luck could see the question in my eyes--how could he trigger an invasion that led to the death of innocent soldiers?

"Look Steve, luck isn't cheap."

And flash--I was in bed and awake. The clock showed it was 2 am. Needless to say the foremost question in my mind was whether I had been dreaming about Luck or whether he'd really come and visited.

I rolled over and tried to dream of blond freshmen.



A key measurement gives the referee a chance to make a social statement on life in the fast lane.

photo by Richard Darcey

Shield Turns To NFL

Joe Shield shocked Trinity College and the New England football world Friday by announcing that he will forgo his senior year at Trinity to pursue a career in professional football.

The NFL does not have a hardship draft leaving Shield two options. First, Shield could go to the USFL which has a rule against signing undergraduates but made an exception in Hershel Walker's case. Second, Shield could challenge the NFL's refusal to draft undergraduates in court. For years experts have predicted that this rule would fall in court if ever challenged.

"We will not rule out any options," commented Shield's agent Kevin O'Connor. "I see injustice in the NFL rule and I hate injustice," added the SGA president turned big-time agent.

No USFL team holds drafting rights to Trinity players, so Shield would be up for grabs in the league's draft.

"Joe doesn't want to play for just any team," said O'Connor. "We've got all the apples and aren't afraid to topple the cart." It is assumed that this disjointed metaphor indicates no fear of going to court on any matter.

Still questions surround the interest in Shield in the pro ranks. Shield did throw for 2185 yards this past season, but the NFL is traditionally sceptical about Division III talent.

"Joe who?" commented Dallas Cowboy president Gil Brandt before hanging up on this reporter.

O'Connor, however, feels that his client is more than ready to play in the USFL or NFL.

"Look, I've tackled both Joe Shield and Steve Young (the much famed BYU quarterback) and I know that Shield is in the same league with Young. If

Young is going to be the first pick I don't see how Shield won't go in the first round."

Trinity head coach Don Miller, reached at Hartford Hospital, said "it'll be a sad thing to lose Joe. He's a great quarterback and a finer person. Sometimes the world is like a small piece of cake with little stars on it...." the nurse took the phone and asked that the coach be left alone. This reporter felt very guilty afterwards.

Rumors have flown about Hartford that USFL scouts had been sneaking into Jesse Field disguised as neighborhood kids playing touch football. In a reaction to this the athletic department has closed the practice of all sports to unauthorized personnel.

Shield was unavailable for comment.

Ewing To Attend Trinity

Students come to Trinity for an exchange semester all the time, but very seldom does an exchange student warrant a press conference. However, when the student is seven feet tall and has played in a NCAA final attention is merited.

Thus was the case Wednesday when it was announced the Pat Ewing, Georgetown's star center, would attend Trinity for the Trinity semester.

"I'm just like any other student," commented Ewing at the press conference. "I want to experience different surroundings during my college years. Trinity is a nice place."

The immediate question concerned Ewing's basketball future at Trinity.

"He's been practicing with Georgetown so he should be in pretty good shape," said Trinity basketball coach Stan Ogronick. "However we have a good center in Carry Sullivan and Ewing will start running with the second string. If he can beat Sullivan out, more power to him. It wouldn't surprise me if Ewing became a role player here."

The reaction around campus varied. Most of the basketball players seemed excited about the prospect of having Ewing on the team.

"I mean, we were going to be pretty good anyway but now with Pat we should have an excellent shot at the ECAC championship," observed star forward Tom King.

"Talent is talent," added Jim Bates.

President English said "Pat who?" before hanging up on this reporter. There seems to be a lot of that going around.

As expected NESCAC schools also had a variety of answers. Wesleyan's president commented, "There is a certain philosophical question here that demands a varied and cognitive response of the most intelligent nature with a number of educational features and other strong factors attached. Oh, by the way, has any one formed a committee? I think we need a committee. Where's my committee?"

Amherst basketball coach Tom Towel said "oh, God," before fainting.